Dear Dave, 11/3/91

You should remember Scott Malone who, when he began his professional life, decided to begin using his first name which, until then, he had refused to do. If you do not remember him by name he was far and away the tallest of the students from Georgetown, Maryland American and George Washington universities who, in the last half of the 1970s, used to come here and with whom I spent some time in and around Washington.

The enclosed is not his first lead article in Outlook. I do not now recall all the TV journalistic honors he's won. He's done well. Against some odds, too. Including his own brashness and essentially pointless chance-taking.

I met Scott for the first time when he was 20 and I was in agony outside the Group Health Association main building in the 2100 block of Penna. Ave., ~~now~~ NW, unable to move the short distance, about a city block in all, to the GWU hospital at the corner - built when an apartment house in which I lived in about 1935 had stood.

After about six months of my GHA doctor telling me that the classic symptoms of thrombophlebitis were only part of the aging process, he finally decided to hospitalize me. He told me to go this hospital. I was in awful pain, on crutches, and by the time I got less than 100 feet from his office and saw a pay phone, I decided to phone Jim Lesar to inform him and to ask him to tell Lil. Getting to the street was perhaps the most painful experience of my life. I'd hoped to flag a cab but was not able to. I sat on a low decorative stone wall, with points, while making the effort. Then, after some time, this six-foot-six man came up to me and introduced himself, telling me that Jim had sent him because Jim believed I needed help. What could he do? I told him to go into the GHA building and steal a wheelchair. He did. He pushed me to the hospital admissions desk, then to the room assigned to me.He stayed with me through the admissions physical, while I was in the bed. During this examination, right in the middle of the prostate examination, the phone rang. It was my lecture bureau. I was scheduled to debate David Belin, most Judenratish of the Warren Commission's lawyers, at Vanderbilt. Scott told them I'd phone then as soon as I could. I recommended that they use Howard Roffman instead of me but Vanderbilt refused. So that debate was rescheduled. Floyd Lamore, the leader of those students, insisted on going with me. Fortunately! Because this same doctor released me to travel too soon and that without any guidance or information at all about living and coping with my then major medical problem. So, I could not get a shoe on my left foot the next morning. I used a bedroom slipper. They took one look at me at the airport and singleloaded me in ~~the~~ a rear seat, clearing the seat in front of me so I could keep that leg elevated in flight. There was a nurse on the flight and they sat her near me. I ramble because you may be interested. Anyway, after the physical, I asked Scott to return the wheelchair and having been given permission from the doctors, to get me a carton of cigarettes and a fifth of J&B. I gave him the money and told him where to go. He returned with the cigarettes and

a fifth of Royal Ages, a Scotch he told me, correctly, was better than Chivas Regal. He also returned my money and ab~ed there was nothing I could do when he just left it.

That at 20 Scott was such a maven on whiskeys was not an accident.

He spent a fair amount of time with us. In part this was because he did not have a good relationship then with his father, a retired army colonel. Once he was here for about three weeks. I'd hired him for some work. On the files he made a mess of my CIA FOIA requests, on painting an old IBM card-punch file cabinet he did less well than he could have removing the rust and painting it. I still have the cards of all my book indices in it. He did not show how drunk he was most of the time. By the time he left we did not even have a drop of wine, blackberry, I kept on hand for Lil having had, many years earlier, good experiences with it in settling a troubled stomach. (I learned this from a real mammy in South Carolina in 1934 when with a friend we got to relatives of his when I had a form of malaria, jaundice and dysentery. It enable me to keep a little bland food down for the first time in three weeks.)

I'd like to think I had a little do with with his subsequent successes. Lil and I both liked him. When he decided to live on his own we gave him a large armchair we did not need and my recliner, which I'd been thinking of replacing with a smaller one and then did.

He had some informal relationship with the House assassins committee. While he had this connection he visited me. He had the smallest tape recorder I'd seen to that time, a thin reel-to-reel job that was inconspicuos in a man's inside jacket pocket. He used it for clandestinely taping people who could have killed him if they'd been aware of. But what he did not realize is that the tapes he got were not relevant to the investigation he supposedly was making. He was then going for the conspiracy theories, without regard for whether or not they could have been relevant, as to me they obviously were not.

Next I heard he was working for British TV, maybe BBC, investigating. I did not hear anything about him for a while and then heard that he was working for PBS. Then I started seeing his articles and found that his investigative reporting was earning him honors.

I've not seen any of the shows he prepared because they were all aired late at night, for me. Perhaps I'll be able to take in the rerun of the 26th of his Iraq show.

I can update you on a few of the other students you then knew. Floyd, for whom I was a character witness when he was caught in a crime, strightened himself out first by returning from his succesful avoidance of the local police and the FBI, served his time so well that the parole officer to whom he'd been assigned to work before trial, was his other character witness. On release he went to Florida and married the woman who had born him a son while he was on the lam. That did not last. I hear from him from time to time, from Tampa, where he is quite happy as a walking mail carrier. Last time he was up he gave me his prized VCR cassette of the Redskins' last sensational Superbowl victory, over Denver.

11/9/91 That old IBM-card file Scott painted: I looked into it yesterday. The Hood librarian was here with about 8 of his staff, some new, to give them an idea of what I have, what it is, and how it is arranged. I thought before he got here that what I never use, the consolidated indices to all my books, might be of use to students there now. I took him over to it, he would like it when they move, and because I have the cards in boxes this file cabinet can be used until he gets another for them.

As it now exists, this index consists of the cards made for each book index, colsolidated, with the identification of each book added to the cards.

I'd not looked inside that cabinet for years, not since Jerry told me there would not likely be any sociological interest in the large volume of tapes I'd gotten from Jerry Ray. I then got rid of them.

When I looked inside some of the other drawers lo! there were tapes I'd not been able to find. I did not inventory them. The first box of tapes I picked up are my many interviews of James Earl Ray. I'll inventory them when the library takes the file cabinet.

He has a book supposed to be out the end of this month, by the way.

If you would like a VCR cassette of the five-hour Nigel Turner JFK assassination show aired on A&E cable, let me know. I may be sent more than one.

I've gotten a number of letters expressing liking for the part of his interview with me that was my idea, not his, with which he closes the shows.